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WEEK ENDING  
MAY 2, 1914



Shopping—the Last Quarter of the Honeymoon

PAINTED BY STRIMPL

# TRUTH JUSTICE BREVITY

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Drawn by G. E. STUDDY

**A Fit Punishment for the Gink Who Takes the Wrong Umbrella**



The Navy appreciates that there is a mighty big difference between dry and extra-dry.

A Swiss archbishop has put the ban on modern fashions. When nearly everything comes off, the bans go on.

Congressman Chandler thinks that President Wilson is getting on the nerves of the American people. Perhaps he would recommend Roosevelt as a sedative.

Sympathizers of former Governor Sulzer have incorporated themselves at Albany under the name of "The American Party," the emblem of which is to be a liberty bell. The bell should have several clappers.

When the fleet was ordered to Mexico, U. S. Steel gained half a point. War is hell, of course, but it also is good for the armor business.

"Our taxes are reasonable, our government is good and fair, and we want no change." Oh, surely not; no American said it. 'Twas the Mayor of Derry, Ireland. Odd viewpoint, isn't it?

"Brute force," quoth Secretary Bryan, "is not the level upon which this nation settles its controversies today." Which is doubtless the reason why eleven battleships, more or less, were ordered to Tampico.



The Sea Gull Yawns



### THE ADMINISTRATION ORCHESTRA

CONDUCTOR WILSON: For Heaven's sake, why is it you can never find the key?

At Wesleyan University, up in conservative Connecticut, each student must attain a certain degree of proficiency in baseball, track athletics or other form of sport. This by order of the Faculty. It will be awful when a man is kept off the Greek team because of a condition in baseball.

His million-and-a-half inheritance being a dead sure thing, actor Jim Hackett can afford to play Shakespeare for "art's sake."

Western railroads are advertising Tango Cars. If Horace Greeley were alive, his advice, "Go West, young man," might be subject to revision.

The French medical press remarks that wine drinkers in the proportion of one in two hundred suffer from appendicitis, whereas those who stick to water are affected in the proportion of one in ten. To the average citizen, it makes but little difference. If he sticks to water, he will have to pay for an operation; if he would dodge the latter expense, he must buy wine.

A song by Tetrassini stopped a panic. It takes genius to do that. Many singers would have made it worse.

Some men think they have proven an alibi when they say: "Why, I'm old enough to be her father!"

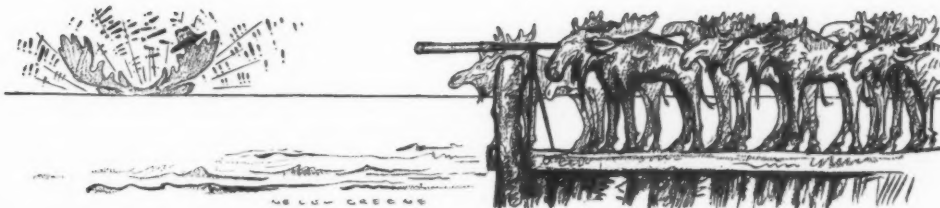




Is history to repeat itself? In 1898, Theodore Roosevelt, an Assistant Secretary of the Navy, resigned to organize a volunteer cavalry regiment for the war with Spain. The fame of this regiment is more or less secure. It started Leonard Wood on the way to the top of the Army, beginning with a Brigadier-Generalship, and it boosted Theodore Roosevelt into the Governor's chair at Albany. The bosses rightly judged that an intelligent electorate would "fall" for a sombrero and a set of brass buttons. Now there is another war in prospect; also another election for Governor; and if the Colonel would like to begin all over again, here is his chance. Cavalry regiments are not the novelty they used to be, but the aeroplane field is by no means overcrowded and it abounds in opportunity for thrills. Roosevelt's Rough Fliers? Of course! Sheridan's Ride, the Ride of Paul Revere—back numbers both.

General Theodor's revolt in Haiti is reported to be making no progress. Bull Moose never flourish in a tropic atmosphere. One General Theodore at a time, if you please. When ours gets through, it will be time enough for Haiti's to start in.

The cause of Woman Suffrage, like the general cause of Socialism, gets some fine boosting from those who knock it. Woman Suffrage, however, is not something which is on the way; it is here, no matter whether New York State happens to know it or not, and argument for or against it is a good deal like argument for or against tomorrow's sunrise. A few finishing touches remain to be added, of course, and in this respect a certain type of solemn opponent is still rendering service. He is the person who will finally admit under pressure that "women who own property" should possibly



## "What Fools these Mortals Be!"

be allowed to vote, but the others, of whom there are quite a few—No! This bland proposal to shut out the female "under-dog" from the right of suffrage is enough to transform the most indifferent neutral into a frank Suffrage advocate, and the more there is of that sort of talk, the sooner will Woman Suffrage, in the United States at least, become general. How many centuries

would we go back, think you, if the right of government were vested solely in those who "own property," by property meaning money, real estate and privilege? Sex is secondary. In her relation to national and local government, the American woman will be on the same footing as the American man. She will not model her participation in public affairs on worn out class distinctions.



"ALL TOGETHER NOW! STOP HER!"

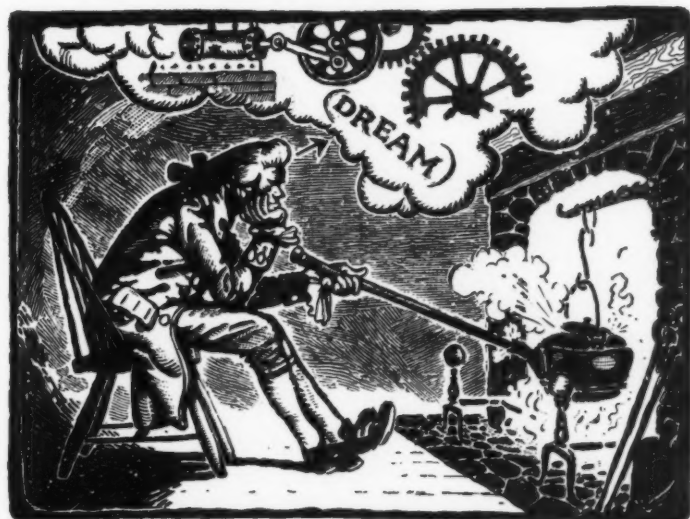


TWO VIEWS OF THE "TIRED BUSINESS MAN"

DRAWN BY GORDON GRANT



## The Bonehead Primer—I



Oh! See the Fun-ny Man!  
Hovv Com-i-cal he Is!  
Ha! Ha! Ha!  
He pokes his VValking-Stick  
in-to the tea-kettle Spout  
and  
The lid rattles  
He thinks hand-labor will  
some-time be dis-placed by  
Steam pow-er  
Is he not Lu-di-crous?  
He must be a U-to-pi-an Dreamer  
Ho! Ho! Ho!  
Ha! Ha!! Ha!!!

### SONG POEM

SHE thought the room was very hot,  
And so did I;  
She thought the porch the coolest spot,  
And so did I;  
So leaving all the ball-room glare  
Where lights are high and people stare,  
She wandered toward a hammock there—  
And so did I.

She rested in that cosy swing,  
And so did I;  
She thought the moon "the nicest thing!"  
And so did I;  
Her rosy lips were very dear,  
As soft they murmured in my ear;  
Till, presently, they came too near—  
And so I did!

After all, the sexes are about equal on the score of time wasted. That is to say, women have wasted no more time primping than men have wasted trying to get them to quit.

### HOPEFUL

No sooner had the Tango set forth from the City of Doubtful Origins than difficulties arose. Clouds of disapproval gathered thickly about, and shortly the Tango found itself in the midst of a terrible tempest.

But from the heights of the Delectable Mountains, where the Sun of Respectability never ceases to shine, the Waltz waved encouragement.

"It's mostly bunk—I've been through it and I know!" shouted the Waltz.

### HER WISH

LITTLE EMMA BLASE: I wish you and papa would get divorced.

HER MOTHER: Divorced? Why, dear?

LITTLE EMMA BLASE: Little Myrtle Wayupp's papa and mamma are, and she sees each of them six months in the year, and I don't see you and papa at all.

### OPPORTUNE

The war in Mexico was about to peter out. Everybody was beaten to a standstill and peace ignominiously impended for lack of an issue which should effect a new cleavage and start things all over.

But suddenly an inspired voice shouted: "Brown bottles are best for beer!"

"Viva the light bottle!" cried another, and on the instant the carnage was renewed with an atrocity in all respects worthy of the Latin character.

### NOT USED TO IT

FACTORY OWNER: This thing of these children working from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. must stop. We must put them back on the old schedule of 4 a.m. to 9 p.m.

SUPERINTENDENT: What's the matter?

FACTORY OWNER: They are late all the time. Three more lost their way in the sunlight this morning.

### THE TRIAL

WOMAN REPORTER: What is the greatest burden imposed by the possession of great wealth?

MRS. MILLIONBUCKS (a temporary shut-in): The necessity of providing an heir for it.

### ECONOMY

FIRST AUTO MANUFACTURER: I think the Cometcar people are on their last legs.

SECOND DITTO: How so?

FIRST AUTO MANUFACTURER: They have cut two inches of gilt and half a yard of gold tassels from their 1914 catalogue.

### FREE SIGHTS

VISITOR: Then you think this would be a good town for me to locate in. Have you any free sites?

UNCLE EBEN: Well, ye needn't quote me, but they do say Samantha Hawkins don't pull down her shades when she goes to bed nights.

God made women beautiful so that men would love them,  
and he made them foolish so that they would love men.



THE FISH-HOOK AND THE FISH



## THE NEWS IN RIME

The treaty with Colombia  
Has loosed the gossips' tongues,  
The militants in Albion  
Are risking life and lungs;  
The bulldog of a Baroness  
Wears rubies in his nose,  
A feminist would not be kissed—  
And so the cosmos goes.

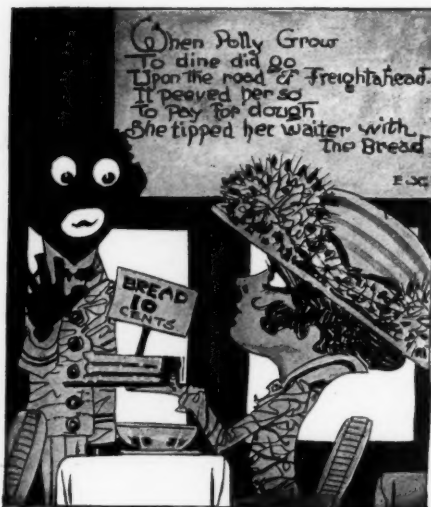


Miss Burke, of pink pajama fame,  
Assumed the nuptial yoke,  
B. Shaw has put a "drummer" on,  
In London, too, poor bloke;  
The Colonel shot a cururo—  
A lesson to the beast!  
Large gems are oh, so comme il faut,  
And Mexico feels triste.

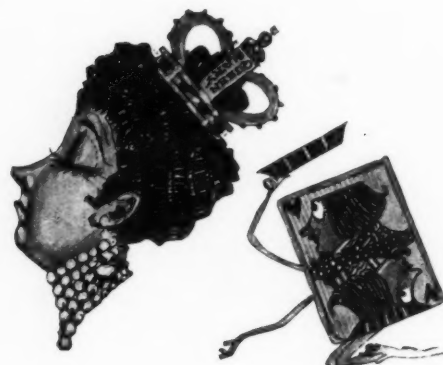
Greece bought her summer battleship,  
To keep abreast the mode,  
Two wrecks were had in twenty hours—  
Need we divulge the road?  
Chicago raised a two-pound lime,  
Tampico crumbled fast,  
Hank Thaw now has his habeas,  
And Woodrow won't be sassed.



Steam heat may haply be installed  
In British hostelryes;  
The Bull Moose cohorts were renamed  
The "Buzzing Bumble-Bees";  
A chappie in a foreign port  
Wore trousers slit au jour,  
New York enjoyed the unemployed,  
And Coxey planned his tour.



The fleet was sent to tropic climes  
To learn the new Mexixe;  
The lissome lambs in Central Park  
Were lightened of their fleece.  
Panc. Villa sang a villanelle  
And urged his rebels south;  
The Feds. don't know just Huerta go,  
And Liquor faced a drouth.

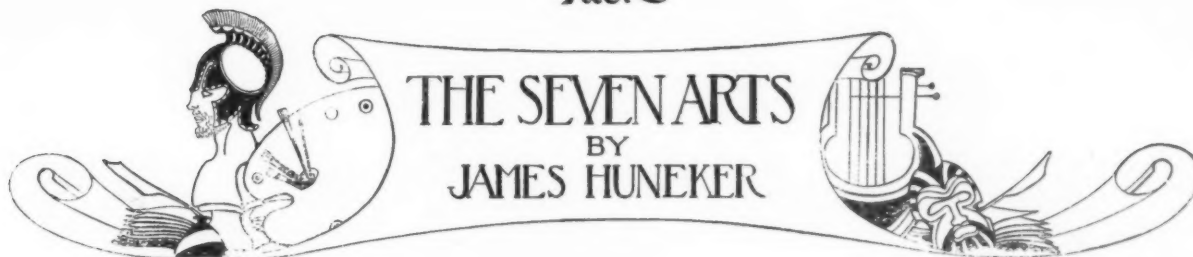


The bread that ballasts dining-cars  
Will gratis be no more;  
The Nobel bard of India,  
Pronounces it Tagore.  
Queen Mary gave up auction bridge,  
Lest any purist blush;  
And grandma died on every side  
In baseball's maddening rush.

A sad, demented, ancient crank,  
The bane of honest folk,  
Unloosed a shot at Mayor John  
And pinked Sir Counsel Polk.  
Jas. Hackett would a Baron be,  
Vin. Astor is improving,  
Tom Lipton's boat is twins, we note,  
And many folks are moving.

F. Dana Burnet.



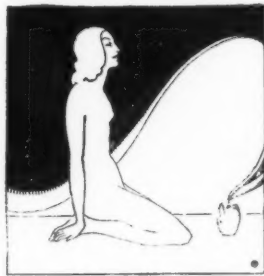


# THE SEVEN ARTS

BY  
JAMES HUNEKER

When I first saw Joseph Conrad in the flesh it was at his home in Kent, about two hours away from London. He is not in the least like his writings; few men are, except here and there a poet—Walt Whitman, Tennyson, Swinburne, for example. Stranger still, Mr. Conrad did not evoke the image of a hardy seaman such as he truly was, a master in the merchant marine, and on a sailing, not a steam vessel. A man of leisure without the frivolity of a *flâneur*; an English college professor, minus the priggish superiority of that exalted person; a Polish nobleman of cosmopolitan culture, and a half dozen other men I found in the chameleon-like personality of the great writer—all save what he was, a sailor. The genius part of him is carefully concealed, for a less pretentious human I never encountered. Not even a trace of the uneasy suppression of his real self, so easily detected in many vain authors I could cite. He speaks English fluently, but I think prefers French in conversation; in that he is true Pole. In my printed interview which appeared later I forgot a point, a curious one. I asked him how his books were received in Poland. He shook his head. "They reproach me for not writing in my native language, but they translate me and I derive no benefit from it." The latter grievance because of the imperfect copyright law. However, Conrad is not a grumbler. He sees life steadily and he sees it whole. His new book, "Chance," proves that.

I suspect that despite the critical success of "Chance," it will hardly be rated among the "best sellers." It would be an agreeable shock if it were. In his sea tales Conrad is a belated romanticist; and in this novel, while the sea is never far off, it is the soul of an unhappy girl that is spilled for us; not dissected with the impersonal cruelty of such surgeon psychologists as Paul Bourget, Henry James, and Edith Wharton, but revealed by a sympathetic interpreter who knows the weakness and folly and tragedy of humanity. I suppose Joseph Conrad will soon be enrolled among the authors called "analytical" by those who lack "the faculty of attention," and for whom the optical abuse of the moving-picture show was devised. The truth is, Conrad was always an analyst; that sets him apart from other writers of sea stories. "Chance" is different in theme, but not so different in treatment as in construction. His pattern of narration has always been of an elliptical character; here the method is carried to the pitch of polyphonic intricacy. But the story never flags, and that story I sha'n't boil down for you into the dry anecdote of the average book reviewer. The richness of interest, the startling variety and the philosophic largeness of view—the tale is simple enough otherwise for a child's enjoyment—are a few of its magnetic qualities. The late Coventry Patmore is said to be the poet alluded to as Carleon Anthony, and there are distinct judgments on feminism and the new woman, some wholesome truths uttered at a time when man has seemingly shrivelled up into a sort of perambulating vermiform appendix in the glorified feminine vision of mundane things. I sha'n't quote. Read for yourself. Joseph Conrad is a real man, not a literary ink-pot. The moral is to be found on page 447. "Of all the forms offered to us by life it is the one demanding a couple to realize it fully which is the most imperative. Pairing off is the fate of mankind. And if two beings thrown together, mutually attracted, resist the



necessity, fail in understanding, and stop voluntarily short . . . they are committing a sin against life."

I was slightly amused, but not convinced, by the printed version of John Galsworthy's play "The Fugitive," which was given a public performance last autumn at the Royal Court Theatre, London. The author of that masterpiece, "The Country House," is not by temperament or training a dramatist. I don't mean that with his intellectual equipment he couldn't master the dozen technical tricks necessary to carry across the

footlights the meanings of a playwright. It is in his choice of theme, in his handling and development of it, that he betrays the novelist. The modern group of writers in London, and I might add Dublin, are in the same boat as Galsworthy. Yeats is not a dramatist born, nor is George Moore; Lady Gregory writes neat little anecdotes, and Chesterton is amusing; so is Shaw, but Shaw has had so much experience that he can now fashion a play with some appearance of structural solidity, and when he has done so you will discover that he employs the same technical procedure as the dramatists he so roundly abuses—for instance, "The Doctor's Dilemma," and the actual play part in "Fanny's First Play." The late John M. Synge is the only name among these "reformers" whose work belongs both to literature and drama. I must also include with reluctance in the above list the names of Arnold Bennet, and Barrie (Sentimental Jimmie).

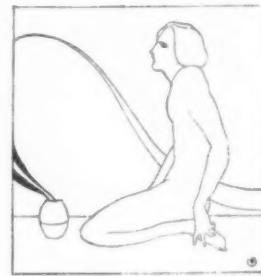
"The Fugitive" is a slender playlet, in which the heroine becomes tired of her home and husband—principally because he happens to be her husband—and goes away, later joins another man, leaves him, ends by

poison, for she can't go on the town. She is a goose, but a charming one, and while her husband—the average well-born well-to-do Englishman—is a bore, as are bores his father and mother, there is nothing offensive about him, except perhaps his pronounced capacity for marital affection. His wife ought to be glad but she is bored without the excuse that Hedda Gabler had; Hedda was not precisely well-balanced. What is particularly stupid on the part of Clare Dedmond is her refusal to accept means of subsistence from her husband after she leaves him. To American men this dislike to alimony borders on the fabulous,

especially as the lady has no legal right to it. Her husband is generous, but she preferred living with another chap, and ruins him. A sad and silly story.

With more than unusual eagerness I opened Serge Persky's "Contemporary Russian Novelists," as I entertain a profound cult for Russian writers, particularly Dostoevsky—whose day is come at last after being overshadowed, at least in England and America, by the mighty Tolstoy. Well, I confess to some disappointment in Persky's book. Melchior de Vogue's was a better one (by the way, it appeared in English over twenty years ago, though recently announced in London as a novelty!); so is Waliszewski's History of Russian Literature, because, as far as they went, these critics were thorough. Now, Persky tells us much of Korolenko, who is not of overwhelming importance, and of Anton Tchekoff, who is dead, therefore not contemporary; besides, he has been fully dealt with by more adequate critics. It was in expectation of a critical exposition of the younger men that I was disappointed. The one great talent, nay, genius, is not the melodramatic and not very original Leonid Andreyev; not the ill-treated and unequal but usually attractive Maxim Gorky—who lacks the big epical note; but it is Michael Artzybachev, author of that extraordinary book, "Sanine," of whom I speak. I recall writing of him with unqualified enthusiasm when the French translation of "Sanine" appeared in 1911. Here was a novel in the direct line of the great traditions of Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, and Turgenev, with Nietzsche superadded. That the book created a tremendous row in Russia I do not wonder; it is powerfully imagined, immoral and revolutionary; withal a "dangerous" work. Persky thinks so, and dismisses the author in a page or two at the close of his study as if he were not of significance in his land and literature. You may fancy my pleasure when, in reading the *Evening Post* (on the editorial page, no doubt written by Simeon Strunsky, the delightful "Post-impressionist"), I found Artzybachev described as "one of the greatest of living artists" (*a propos* of his "Shadows of the Morning"). Yes, he is an immoralist, for he describes life, in the terms of his supreme

(Continued on page 17)





THE NEW COAT



WHAT'S IN A HAT?

MARY MODEST-



THAT SHIFTY ONE SPOT VEIL -



THE NEW QUESTION:  
"AGNES, IS MY HAT ON CROOKED?"



THE FASHION OF HAVING THE COLOR OF HAIR MATCH THE GOWN - THIS MAY BE



THE PAPOOSE COAT-



FOR PLAYS T



Puck



H FASHION

Drawn by MY MAYER



# Seeing New York— with Kitty

By Freeman Tilden

Illustrations by Nelson Greene

In Wolf Run, Pennsylvania, they have their opinion of New York. In 1893 one of the most prominent citizens of the village came to New York to spend two weeks; he returned in three days. It leaked out, finally, that he had lost his wallet, under distressing circumstances. In 1899 another prominent citizen hazarded the trip, and never returned at all. He was a married man. Some cynical person, after talking with the wife of the vanished man, remarked that it was not the fault of New York City. But the consensus of opinion was different.

Katherine Hammett had been a regular reader of the Wolf Run *Vindicator*, and she knew something about New York. She knew it was a modern Babylon, with Gomorrah decorations. She knew that each day opened a new carnival of crime. She knew that people, setting foot once upon Broadway, became as indifferent beings, and never more cared for the solid domestic virtues—home, church, or country.

Yet here was Katherine Hammett in New York; standing, at six o'clock in the evening, in Union Square—that estuary through which the human tide ebbs homeward from work. Surging river of faces; tired faces, gay faces, hopeful, hopeless, clean and dirty, robust and pinched faces! It was like the whole world passing in review.

In Wolf Run, ten persons, simultaneously appearing on Main Street, make a crowd; fifteen persons obstruct traffic.

"So this is New York!" murmured Katherine Hammett to her cousin George, who accompanied her.

"Part of it—a very little of it," replied George, complacently. He was a New Yorker, born.

"Isn't it tremendous?" she cried, clinging a little closer to her escort.

"Isn't *what* tremendous?" asked George, looking round to see what she referred to.

"All the people—and everything!"

"Oh, yes; they're going home from work," was George's explanation. He was not gifted with high imaginative power. But he was a good fellow. People had called him a "typical New Yorker." Perhaps he was.

They left Union Square, and walked slowly up Broadway. "How did you ever happen to make up your mind to come to New York?" asked George. "I thought—"

"Yes, I know," she interrupted. "But I simply had to. Of course I love dear old Wolf Run, but somehow—I don't know just how to say it—I wanted—I wanted—"

George waited, politely.

"Well, there's no use beating 'round the bush, George," she blurted out. "I want to see things. I've been reading the papers, and the magazines, and hearing about the goings-on in New York, and I made up my mind I'd find out if even half of it is true."

"What goings-on?" asked George, innocently.

Katherine Hammett regarded her companion with a suspicious eye. "Now don't you begin to treat me like a baby, George! I'm a grown-up woman, twenty-two years old last month. And if I do say it myself, I'm not quite dead. I haven't come here to go to church, and I may as well say right out. I want you to show me—life. There!"

George Hammett began to understand. He showed his uneasiness. "Er—I don't think I'm up on that sort of thing," he said. "You see I work in an office down-town, and when—"

"Nonsense," interrupted Katherine, sharply. "Don't be afraid to be frank, George. Why, I think all the more of you for having—well, for having lived. That's what it is—life. Life on a big scale. I want to see everything! And you must show me."

They had just crossed Madison Square, still going north on Broadway. Suddenly Katherine clutched George by the arm.

"Do you know who that was that just went by?" George shook his head. "Well, it was the president of our bank, out home!"

"Was it?" asked George, politely.

"Yes, and did you see that young woman with him? And to think, I was talking with his wife in Wolf Run only day before yesterday. The old wretch!"

"It may be a relative," suggested George.

A pair of piercing eyes were fixed on the young man. "Don't be silly," said Katherine. "And don't treat me as if I was."

"But people *do* have relatives," persisted George. There was a strained silence. Then the young man said: "I ought to tell you right now, Katherine, that I don't know as much about New York as some folks. You know we live in the Bronx, and when I get home at night, it's a long way back to Forty-second Street. I—"

Katherine was not listening. Her eyes were drinking in the myriad wonders of the "Great White Way." Each incandescent bulb was to her a twinkling star in the firmament of romance. "Take me to a cabaret restaurant," she said, bravely. "One of those places where I've told people I wouldn't be seen."

Inwardly, George groaned. This, then, was his punishment. Five years before he had visited Katherine's parents in Wolf Run, and had demeaned himself in the manner he thought befitted his station of a city-man in the country. He remembered that he had allowed the family to get the notion that he was a sort of doggish rascal, up-to-the-minute, and a wee bit dangerous to the opposite sex. He had sneered at the simple instruments of rural life. And now—

George had never been to a cabaret restaurant of the class to which Katherine referred. Sometimes he had gone to a German beer-garden on 125th Street, where there was a little dancing between seidels, but nothing that would prove offensive to the nice, stout fraus who took the children



"Do you know him?" cried George; "Does he know you?"



along with them. He knew, from reading the Sunday papers, that there was a type of lobster-palace, in the gilded region around Forty-second Street, which specialized on brisk, naughty entertainment. He had often wondered what they were like. But, somehow, he had never got around to visiting them.

"Well, here goes!" he said to himself; and steered for the unknown.

As they started to cross Broadway, two men were having an altercation. The usual crowd gathered, and, as Katherine and George were almost first on the field, they were soon pressed, by the people behind, right into the line of battle. Katherine clutched George's arm, and whispered to him, excitedly, "Take me out of here, George, quick! I know one of those men. He lives in the next town to us. I believe he's drunk."

"No, only intoxicated," corrected George. "He hasn't fallen down yet."

So they walked along a little farther. For a few minutes, though, Katherine was in a vexed humor. "I don't see why some of those people don't stay at home where they belong!" she exclaimed.

Possibly George was thinking the same thing, in a more inclusive way. But he was too courteous to show his thoughts. Yet, after all, here was cousin Katherine upon his hands, and he must do the honors. She had come all the way from Wolf Run, trusting in his ability to show her the excitements of the metropolis, and in his sagacity as a man-about-town. It would never do to shirk the task.

"Well, Katherine," he said, "I'll tell you what we'll do. First, are you hungry?"

She owned that she was.

"Then we'll go to a little restaurant I know, on Sixth Avenue. We'll be sure of getting something to eat, anyway. For though cabaret singing and dancing is very exciting in its way, it's no place for hungry people. Then I'll take you to the theatre—"

"I don't want to see any 'Old Homesteads,' or 'Way Down East!'" she warned.

"No; we'll go to a place where there has been a play suppressed by the police every month since last August. Just now there's a play running there, by a Frenchman named Bry-oo, or something similar. Would that be all right?"

"Anything that has been suppressed, or that ought to be," replied Katherine.

George looked at his pretty little cousin from Wolf Run. Was this the same shy girl he had seen five years before; the modest young person who had blushed so frequently and rosily? It was hard to believe it. Yet, he recollected hearing that people were somehow different when they got away from home.

They had an excellent dinner, at a very moderate price, in the restaurant of George's choice. Katherine confessed herself satisfied with the food, but could not refrain from commenting on the utter decency of the place. The orchestra played nothing but classical music, with a few old-time two-steps, and Katherine's practised eye failed to discern a single slit-skirt under the tables.

George apologized for the restaurant. He admitted that it was old-fashioned. "But we were hungry, you know," he added. "After theatre we'll go to one of the up-to-date cafés for supper."

The play proved to be a disappointment to Katherine, and something of a shock to George. It dealt with a subject which has,



"You're a New Yorker, ain't you?"

up to the last year or two, been confined, as a matter of discussion, to the medical schools. There was very little acting, and very much talk. When the curtain fell for the last time, the audience turned to their programs and saw that the play was over, and then looked at each other and said, what a fine thing it was, and how much good it would do to certain people. The only difficulty was that the people vaguely referred to were not present.

Outside the theatre, however, Katherine vented her feelings of disappointment. "I don't see why anybody wanted to suppress that play, George," she complained. "Why, I saw 'The Black Crook' once, in Oil City, and a good many people were so disgusted they left their seats after the first act, and remained standing at the rear during the rest of the performance."

During the play George's attention had wandered, somewhat, in trying to recall the name of a particular cabaret restaurant where the police had been called in, on occasions. "If she wants that sort of thing, I'll give her her fill of it," George said to himself.

It was called the Café des Cambrioleurs, and when George and his pretty cousin arrived, after the play, everything was in full swing. By prodigal disbursements George succeeded in getting a table in the very center of the disturbance, where the wine flowed fastest, and the conduct was most flippant. Just as they were sitting down a man and woman at the next table were rising, though it was plain that they had not finished their supper.

"This is too strong for me," said the man, addressing George, confidentially. "Me for the little flat on Dyckman Street. I've lived in New York all my life, and never saw such a rowdy bunch."

"Same here," replied George, as confidentially. "I wouldn't be here myself, but I'm showing a little country cousin around."

At the same moment a startlingly clad young woman was leaning over to Katherine from the other side and saying: "Isn't this fascinating!"

"Wonderful!" replied Katherine. "Do you live here?"

"Oh, no," was the reply. "We come from Sand Valley, Nebraska. Of course, you're a New Yorker?"

"Wolf Run, Pennsylvania," replied Katherine, in a burst of honesty.

Then they both shook their heads and murmured, almost at the same breath, "Little Old New York!"

The waiter at George's table buzzed around suggesting expensive food and beverages, but to George he whispered, "You're a New Yorker, ain't you?"

George admitted the truth of the assertion.

"Gee," said the waiter, "you must feel lonely. I guess you're the only one here. I'll let you down easy on the check. I'm making these boobs buy fizz-water, but you can have a nice pitcher of beer, if you want it. I'm an East Side boy myself."

"Thanks," said George. "How's business? Good?"

(Continued on page 19)

# PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT



P. A. Vaile and H. B. Martin, Keepers

## GOLFER. WHAT OF THE GRIP?

The Idiot was clearly peeved. We wished to be advised as to the cause, and intimated so. Said he: "To tell the truth I'm getting just a little fed up with this thing. It's not nearly such a sinecure as I guessed it would be. The annoyin' thing is that I have to work for my beas'ly honorarium."



"HOLD UP YOUR EAR. I'M GOING TO PUT SOMETHING IN IT THAT YOU'LL REMEMBER"

"Didst expect to collect it for looking wise?" we hazarded.

"It isn't that," he answered, "but I hadn't quite accurately gauged the nimbleness of the American mind when it sees a chance of assimilating a hundred dollars without perspiration."

"It's wearing; that's what it is. So this week I intend to leave the ravenous band slightly less chance than usual by peering into the future a bit. Say, tell me now, how do you hold your club?"

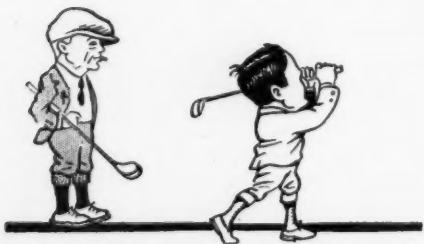
We hastened to assure him that, being orthodox golfers of the modern school, there was for us but one grip, the grip everyone uses, namely the Vardon or overlapping grip.

The lid was off, and so was he. That was all that was wanted.

"The Vardon grip," quoth he, "was not invented by Vardon. Laidlay used it before he did. Vardon made it famous. But get up on this stool and hold up your ear—I'm going to put something in it that you'll remember."

"So! Steady! Don't fall over now, although you may afterwards, perhaps, for my words are of deep import, and mayhap you and I are making history in golf even now—yea, verily, at this instant! I have found a better grip than the so-called Vardon grip!"

The stool rocked with our emotion and we quickly descended and endeavored to steady ourselves.



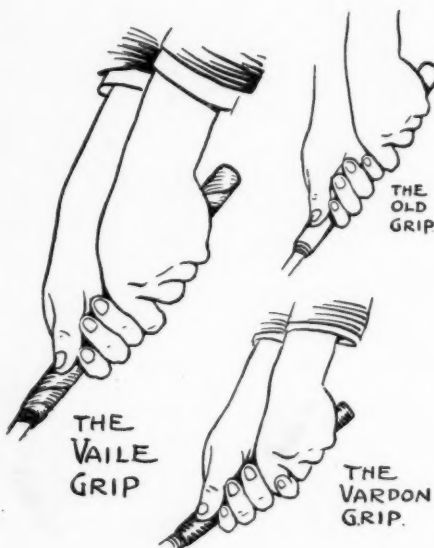
JOHN BALL AND HAROLD HILTON  
STILL USE THE OLD GRIP

"Pray tell us," we said, as well as our pent-up excitement would let us.

"Well," said the Idiot, "I don't overlap on the left any more. I found that it levered my right hand off the shaft too much. So now I overlap on the right."

"They'll all be doing it soon—take my word for it. And I am thankful to say there's no hundred-dollar risk in this expression of opinion."

"It's a very peaceful feeling I may tell you—for a change. Not that the other way isn't



A TRIO OF GRIPS

stimulating, but variety is of the essence of real life, and it's a fine feeling to have an assured income even if it is only for a week.

"You know as well as I do," he went on, "that John Ball and Harold Hilton don't use the overlapping grip. Well, they have

done fairly good things for the two-handers—and are still doing them.

"Don't you think if they wanted to change to an overlapping grip it would be a good idea for them to give the right hand its proper place on the shaft, the place of honor, instead of prying it up by sticking the left forefinger into it?"

"Why should the left be promoted in this manner in golf—and in golf alone of all games wherein a two-handed blow is struck?"

"See, now, I shall show you the two-handed grip, the Vardon grip, and the grip of the future—the Vaile grip. I'm calling it that. Oh, yes! I'm getting wise. It might save me a hundred dollars some day. He watches my stuff."

"In this grip you take a firm hold with the right hand, your left thumb goes into the palm as usual, but the left forefinger rides on the little finger of the right—and sometimes encroaches still more—instead of, as in the Vardon grip, the little finger of the right riding on the first finger of the left."

"Believe me, or believe me not, this is a better grip for at least nine out of every ten golfers than that generally used."

"It will be a boon to many golfers for it absolutely prevents overswinging. The firm right hand grip stops the club getting below the horizontal at the top of the swing. It enables one to get full value out of the right, which is an impossibility with the present grip."



"You don't agree with me a bit? I don't want you to. This would be an uninteresting place if we all agreed with each other, and we should progress a lot, shouldn't we?"

"Say, I'll bet you a dinner for two that you'll do better than agree with me. You'll think about it, you'll argue about it, you'll try it on the quiet, and—you'll probably adopt it."

"In the meantime I'll get a quiet week, so far as I can see, without any serious financial anxiety."

"It is well. Kind of tones one up. Good morning."



SOON IT WILL BE A CASE OF  
"EVERYBODY'S DOING IT"

**I**F any reader of Puck can show that the Idiot is wrong, he will receive from Puck the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, and the Golf Idiot will go without salary for that week.

Address PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT, Puck, 301 Lafayette Street, N. Y. All letters, to receive consideration, must be signed with full name and address.

Letters received by Puck's Golf Idiot will be considered his property, for publication or other use as he may see fit. \$100.00 for the FIRST letter each week PROVING HIM WRONG.





### ILLUSTRATED AXIOM

Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other

### A NEW LEAF

DEAR, in my salad days I sung  
Of tears and trouble, grief and woe;  
The infinitely green and young  
Are generally taken so.

Death was my chosen subject then  
(Look at my scrap-book if you doubt it),  
And love seemed very tragic when  
I didn't know a thing about it.

No more with rimes of sigh and die  
My homicidal path I strew;  
A new philosophy have I,  
The Optimistic School of you.

Your face, your voice, best illustrate  
How much is still above the sod —  
And so to you I dedicate  
My famous Second Period.

### MODERN EDUCATION

VISITOR: Nothing stirring on the campus, I see. Vacation is on?  
STUDENT: Not much. The crew has gone to Billowpoint, the baseball team is on the Southern trip, the track squad is trimming everything in the West, and ninety per cent. of our faculty is attending scientific conventions abroad—the highest percentage of any American university.



### ALL IN

AUTO SALESMAN: Our 1914 output was quickly exhausted.  
AUTO OWNER: I know it. I had one and it lay down completely after three days.



### THE ARTS OF WAR

ROOKY: What? Bikins—that runt with the haystack shoulders—him a sergeant?

CORPORAL: Why not? Ain't he the champeen grass cutter, and lawn trimmer, and baby-carriage shover in the garrison? Sure they promoted him!

### IN NEW YORK STATE

WILLIS: What's the election to-day for? Anybody happen to know?

GILLIS: It is to determine whether we shall have a convention to nominate delegates who will be voted on as to whether they will attend a caucus which will decide whether we shall have a primary to determine whether the people want to vote on this same question again next year.

### UNRAVELLED YARNS

#### Helen and Paris

Helen—the one that started the Trojan War—was the prettiest girl that ever lived. The books all stand for the story; and since there's no photograph of her, it's about the safest thing you can say. Of course if she tried to come back and break into a Beauty Contest, she probably wouldn't last five minutes.

Helen was a poor Greek working-girl and not a queen at all, as tradition says. For proof of this statement look at all the pictures of queens in the history books. Most any of them would do for a clock shortstop, but they never could start anything. Go into any department-store and you can pick up a dozen war-starters without taking more than a one-step.

The rest of the story is all twisted. Some press-agent probably telephoned it into the office and a cub reporter took it off the wire. It says that Venus sent Paris to Helen. Of course it was Helen that went to Paris to set the styles, and Venus got there first. Well, don't you see how the war started? That's the time Venus lost her arms. So they put her in the Louvre and Madame Helene has been making classic duds and modern trouble ever since.





At this writing the February gross and net railroad earnings are at hand. They comprise 478 roads, approximately 245,000 miles, and show that the decrease in gross earnings was about 10¼ per cent. and the falling off in net almost 33½ per cent. This startling setback is such that even the Interstate Commerce Commission assuredly will sit up and take notice. As the report embraces all sections of the country, no local influence can be held accountable, the figures indicating a general trade depression. Also, it is incredible that these monthly figures have been manipulated; as a matter of fact, commercial conditions corroborate the railroad exhibit. There is one consolation in the present state of affairs—it is probably at its worst and the turning point must be close at hand. By way of contrast it is interesting to note the achievement of the United Cigar Stores Company. During last year this snug corporation increased its sales \$2,856,858, out of which it saved nearly 13 per cent.—\$360,716—which was added to its general surplus. The Company attributes its progress to the policy of putting back into the business a large part of its earnings. In the meantime the railroads are wondering what to do with their shrinkages.

The man who invented interest has been extensively and copiously glorified, but the cute individual who hit upon the plan of selling short has never been adequately appreciated.

Everywhere in the social, the religious, as well as the economic world there is unrest. Not so upon the Stock Exchange—there rest prevails.

The speculative dollar is an easy-going wight that rushes in anywhere; but the investment dollar is a cautious and hesitating creature that pauses and ponders, and at the present time seems to have little use for any propositions outside of state and municipal bonds.

Through one of those curious inconsistencies purchasers of the recent issue of the 4¼ per cent. City bonds will obtain a yield upon their investment of 4.15 per cent., while the City will receive upon the deposited funds obtained from the same investors only 2½ per cent.

It is safe to say that no business representatives are more eager to make money for their clientele than Stock Exchange brokers. If they had their way, and as far as good intent is concerned, every customer would achieve abundant profits. It is of course impossible to suggest an insurance against loss, but the amount of risk may be diminished. If the brokers would insist on larger margins, and if the public would awaken to the danger of slim deposits, much of the so-called vulnerable character of the market would be eliminated. It is a well-recognized fact that a man who has paid for his stocks is

not easily perturbed; neither is the man who has deposited fifty per cent. of the cost of his securities. As the margin approaches those slim dimensions that are obliterated by a five-point break the vulnerable region of the market comes into view. And there most of the losses occur. When Missouri Pacific is weak, perhaps for a legitimate reason, traders know that they can attack Union Pacific (which is legitimately strong) and force out the light-margined and foolish people who expect to make \$500 achieve in the security market what they would not dream of expecting anywhere else. In this connection be it remembered that when it becomes apparent that stocks are in strong hands, attacks to force down prices are rarely undertaken.

There was a time when the nimble dollar was considered the right sort; to-day the thrifty dollar, the dollar in the bank, the dollar available for legitimate state and municipal purposes, is looked upon as the most beneficial asset of the community.

Cheap money is oftentimes timid money.

On receipt of the news that the Atlantic fleet was ordered to Tampico, while Union Pacific and Steel and other leading stocks shivered down to lower levels, Butterick never budged and Woolworth actually climbed up five-eighths of a point.



FROM HIS BIG BROTHERS  
The Chinese Republic's First Birthday Party



**A GOOD JUDGE**  
of fine whiskey will pronounce



# HUNTER

## BALTIMORE

# RYE



a perfect product of the still,  
because whiskey cannot be more  
carefully made, aged and perfected

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.  
WM. LANAHAN & SON Baltimore, Md.

### THE SEVEN ARTS

(Continued from page 9)

art, as it is, not as it should be. A cynic is only a man who tells the truth. Artzy-bachev is a truth-teller.

In George Moore's "Vale," of which I wrote at length last week, there is brief mention of James Stephens, the author of that incomparably Celtic book, "The Crock of Gold." It appears that George Russell discovered him, a typewriter in a Dublin lawyer's office. He was a penniless boy, and once, if an apple-woman hadn't come to his rescue in Belfast, he would have starved. He didn't marry her, but later when he discovered that a woman was unhappy with her husband he married her off-hand, and when she spent twenty pounds for a dress in Paris—where they went on the slim royalties of his first novel—she told him that the wife of a poet ought to be grandly dressed. Isn't that lovely! And quite right was the lady. Stephens told Yeats that once he ate the bread intended for the ducks in Stephen's Green, Dublin, so hungry was he. A poet who will starve for his art deserves success. I hope it will come to Stephens. His new volume of short stories, "Here Are Ladies," is characteristic, though hardly a second "Crock of Gold."

I was exceedingly puzzled when I saw the remarkable reproductions from the pictures of the Altman Collection in a recent number of the Sunday Times, to discover that the "Young Girl Asleep," by Vermeer, is among the Altman treasures. The text tells us that this masterpiece comes from the collection of Rodolphe Kann. Yes, but so does "The Girl Asleep," by Vermeer, now in the gallery of P. A. B. Widener, of Philadelphia, which I have seen and admired. It is said to be the original canvas from the sale of the marvellous Dutch painter's studio in 1696, and before it went to the late M. Kann, of Paris, it was in the John Waterloo Wilson collection. The Belgian expert M. Van Zyp furnished these facts. To my stupe-



TANGOISM

faction I recognized in the Times reproduction the same picture, the identical subject. I've not seen this Altman Vermeer, but I can't understand how two canvases dealing with the same theme should have been in the Kann collection. I once wrote a study entitled "Who Owns the Thirty-fifth Vermeer?" for I've seen at least thirty of this rare master's work. Which is the original, the Widener or the Altman? That there are no such things as replicas was one of the clever contentions of the late William M. Laffan, himself an expert. Variations, yes; replicas, never. Flaubert expressed the same idea when he said there are no synonyms. Is the Altman the variation?

Brooklyn, the city of gum-chewers, amateur Comstockery, rug-beaters and churches, also boasts its town-bulls. They even erect statues to them over there. And this, too, is one of the Seven Arts.



### THE RING

THE COY YOUNG THING: Tee hee!  
It's almost as though we were married,  
isn't it?

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### EUROPE AND HIS BAND

SIT still my heart and listen,  
For sweetly (ain't it grand?)  
I hear the haunting music  
Of Europe and His Band.

Above the click of glasses  
And through the smoke's  
blue haze,  
Persuasive and beguiling  
He plays and plays and plays.

No one may hear that music  
And still resist the charm  
Of turkey trot and maxixe;  
Let's dance this—what's the  
harm?

I just came here for luncheon;  
It's almost half-past two;  
This isn't helping business,  
But I don't care, do you?

In linked and liquid sequence  
Those plaintive notes dissolve  
Inviting trys at new steps  
That only we can solve.

But listen to me, honey,  
A hunch is in my mind,  
That I had burned this Eden,  
Left not a speck behind.

Reduced the place to ashes,  
Destroyed it with a brand,  
To save you from the magic  
Of Europe and His Band.

Roy Dickinson.

# Pears'

No impurity in Pears'  
Soap.

Economical to use.

It wears out only for your  
comfort and cleanliness.

Sold in every land.

### TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE

POLICE-CAPTAIN (to suitor for daughter's hand): You dress pretty well for a boy with your salary.

SUITOR: You see, captain, I neither smoke, chew, drink, nor gamble.

POLICE-CAPTAIN: H'm! Better let me have your finger-prints, and I'll have the right answer for you to-morrow!

### PERFIDIOUS WRETCH!

MRS. BLACK: Mr. Brown swore off smoking last week, and poor Mrs. Brown is heart-broken.

MRS. GREENE: Gracious sakes! Why?

MRS. BLACK: She lacks only five hundred and thirty-nine coupons of a mahogany buffet!

### PRESENT COMPETITION

THE PREACHER: Think, my friend, you will get a crown of glory, peace of soul, and eternal life.

DYING BALL-PLAYER (faintly): Nix, parson. I can do better with the Federals.



### ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic powder shaken into the shoes—The Standard Remedy for the feet for a quarter century. 30,000 testimonials. Sold everywhere. Trade-Mark. 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. The Man who put the EEs in FEET.

### AMBITIONS

Youth wants to see the wheels go 'round,  
The acme of desire;  
But age, with prudent foresight, wants  
To see an extra tire.

### TWO VIEWPOINTS

"I find Broadway quiet, colorful, cheery, and pleasant," remarked the man who had succeeded, and who had money and a good digestion.

"Broadway is the junk-heap of disappointed hopes, its air is filled with broken dreams, its walks are paved with blighted lives. I find it garish, vulgar and a sham," said the man who had battled in Broadway and failed. And each was right.

The horse that bit, kicked, and struck a policeman last Sunday was only taking a turn at New York's most popular sport.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS

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## HONEY





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In competition with foreign champagne, Great Western received the highest recognition. For brilliancy, bouquet, flavor, fragrance—for all the qualities that make champagne recognized as out of the ordinary.

## Great Western Champagne

Extra Dry - - Special Reserve

is accepted everywhere. (Very Dry)

The only American Champagne ever Awarded a Gold Medal at Foreign Expositions. Paris Exposition, France, 1887. Paris Exposition, France, 1889. Paris Exposition, France, 1900. Vienna Exposition, Austria, 1873. Bruxelles Exposition, Belgium, 1897. Bruxelles Exposition, Belgium, 1910.

**Pleasant Valley Wine Co.**  
Rheims, N.Y.

OLDEST AND LARGEST MAKERS OF CHAMPAGNE IN AMERICA

ANCIENT. MEDIEVAL. MODERN.

Bad news and ditto eggs had best be broken gently.—*Phila. Ledger.*

When Luke McLuke wrote it two years ago, it read: "Bad news and bad eggs should be broken gently."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Just so! And when we wrote it four years ago, it ran thus: "How do you tell a bad egg?"

"If I have anything to tell a bad egg I break it gently."—*Boston Transcript.*

Don't get excited, gentlemen. The thing had whiskers when Noah was a boy.—*Biddeford Journal.*

Not so; it was a female egg. And, as *The Argus* remarked away back in 1863: "News dropt to a woman is like a bad egg—everybody will soon know it, broken ever so gently."—*Eastern Argus.*

### DECEIVED.

Little Willie was left alone with sister's beau.

"Mr. Chumpley," he presently said, "what is a popinjay?"

Sister's beau wrinkled his forehead. "Wh-why, a popinjay is a-a vain bird."

"Are you a bird, Mr. Chumpley?"

"Certainly not."

"That's funny. Ma said you was a popinjay, and pa said there was no doubt about your bein' a jay, an' sister said there was small hopes of your poppin', an' now you say you ain't a bird at all. That's funny!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

### PRESS AGENTING.

Diogenes was parading around town in daylight carrying a lighted lantern and a banner on which was inscribed: "I Am Looking for an Honest Man."

"What is the reason for this?" he was asked.

"I lecture at the Town Hall to-night," replied Diogenes, "and I will get a dozen columns of free advertising by doing this stunt."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Ruck



### SEE DAILY PAPERS

PAPA PIG: Now, my child, you know what is meant by the term "the poisoned pen."

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

## SEEING NEW YORK—WITH KITTY

(Continued from page 13)

"Great!" was the reply. "I'm laying by enough to buy a little farm out in some quiet place in the country. This sort of life makes me sick every time I think of it."

George could have wept on the waiter's shoulder, so great was his sympathy.

Katherine looked at her escort admiringly. "And just to think—the waiters all know you!" she exclaimed. With her, George's reputation was made.

About one o'clock, George felt that he was in danger of falling asleep. He was not used to keeping late hours; at least, not this late. Katherine was wider awake than ever, and keen for sitting it out till the dawn streaked in. But by subterfuge and guileful suggestions George finally prevailed upon her to quit the place. He ransomed his hat and coat from the picturesque boy-brigand who had snatched them into captivity, and once more breathed the open air.

Just as they were leaving the lobby, he was jostled by a young man who immediately ran across the street. George felt quickly for his pocket-book. It was gone. "Stay right here a minute!" he cried to Katherine, and started in pursuit.

At the corner the pickpocket ran plump into the arms of a policeman, who, under the circumstances, could not very well avoid arresting him. He was very curt, however, to George, and made him feel that somehow he had committed a serious offense in having his pocketbook stolen.

Meanwhile, Katherine, standing at the doorway of the café, saw the arrest and glowed with enthusiasm. She had come to New York in search of adventure; up to this moment she had seen nothing that she could positively identify as being part of the criminal under-world; but now she was face to face with the seamy side of metropolitan life. As she crossed the street to join George, and the pickpocket and the officer, her heart beat with anticipation.

The usual crowd had gathered around the group, and Katherine had to burrow through it to the center. When she did gain the side of her cousin, the pickpocket suddenly looked up at her, and Katherine, with a little cry, sagged against George and grew limp. At the same moment the prisoner exclaimed, "Kitty!"

"Do you know him?" cried George. "Does he know you?"

"We went to school together," replied Katherine, faintly. "He's from Wolf Run."

Next afternoon Katherine was saying to George: "Of course, New York is a wonderful place, but you know I thought it would be a good deal livelier—and more dangerous."

"If I'd known what a tough place it is," replied George, fervently, "I'd have got a job in Wolf Run and moved there long ago."

**Imperial**  
Gold Label  
**Beer**

Bottled only by the Brewers  
**Beadleston & Woerz,**  
NEW YORK

## The Enchanting Spell of Spring

infuses a new buoyancy into man. He thinks of the sport at hand and dwells on the well earned meal with its accompanying bottle of "Old Reliable."

# Evans' Ale

It makes Opting Dreams Come True and surrounds the occasion with a completeness and complacency all its own. Take a supply with you on that early trip. Nearest dealer or C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

### IN THE TORTURE-CHAMBER.

DENTIST'S WIFE.—Why do you open the door of the patients' room when I sing?

DENTIST.—Want to let the waiters know it isn't the patients.—*Columbia Jester.*

MRS. HENRYPECK (looking up from her reading).—This writer says that the widows make the best wives.

MR. HENRYPECK.—But really, my dear, you can hardly expect me to die just in order to make a good wife of you.—*Stray Stories.*

JUDGE.—Describe what passed between you in the quarrel with your wife.

MAN ON STAND.—The plates were regular dinner size, Your Honor, and the teapot had a broken spout.—*Boston Transcript.*

USE THE FAMOUS ENGLISH REMEDY  
**BLAIR'S PILLS**  
SAFE, GENTLE, EFFECTIVE, FOR RELIEF OF  
**RHEUMATISM**  
50¢ & 1.00 at DRUGGISTS or 93 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

### A LITTLE HIGHER.

"What is the price of your milk?"

"Ten cents a quart."

"You can deliver it here daily, but mind the quality is always good. I have a milk-tester."

"Then it will be five cents more."—*Boston Transcript.*

### EXPLAINED.

"I hear that you have a college graduate for a cook. Isn't that rather expensive?"

"Not very. She works for her board and clothes."

"Why, how does she come to do that?"

"She's my wife."—*Boston Transcript.*

"My wife was to give a rose tea, everything scented with roses."

"A delicate conceit."

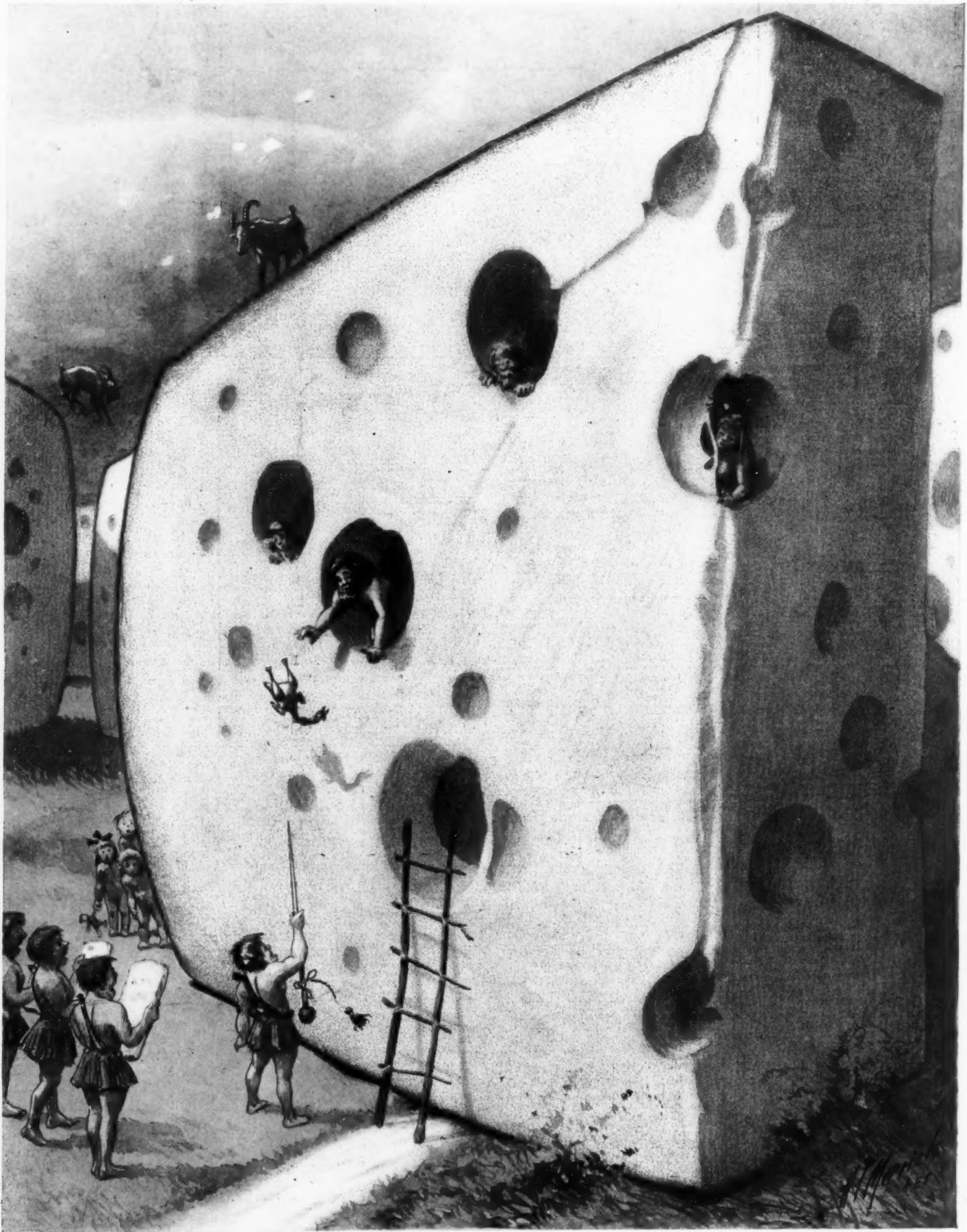
"Yes; but things went wrong. The people in the next flat took that occasion to have onions and cabbage."—*Kansas City Journal.*

MR. CYRUS GREEN.—Molly, what is that picture called in the catalogue?

MRS. GREEN (reading).—Cows after Rosa Bonheur.

MR. GREEN.—By gosh! I see the cows, but where is Rosa Bonheur?

—*Dallas News.*



DRAWN BY A. T. MERRICK

PREHISTORIC MAN  
A View of the Swiss Cliff-Dwellers